

PRAIRIE

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FLYER

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Contents

Editorial	3
The Padre's Page.....	5
"They Also Serve".....	6
Things We Want to Know.....	7
Flying Instructor's Lament.....	8
Bits and Pieces.....	11
The Case-History of A. C. Splodge.....	13
Glossary of R.A.F. Terms.....	15
Mi Wurd.....	17
Chivalry	19
The Only Bet He Lost.....	20
To You	23
Quiz	29
Answers to Quiz.....	30
R.A.F. 1961	30
Solution to Crossword No. 2.....	30
Crossword Competition No. 3.....	31
Prophecies	33
Sports Chatter	35
Station Football League.....	36
"If"	36
Recital of Gramophone Records.....	39
Y.M.C.A. Gen.....	40
Y.M.C.A. Film Schedule.....	40

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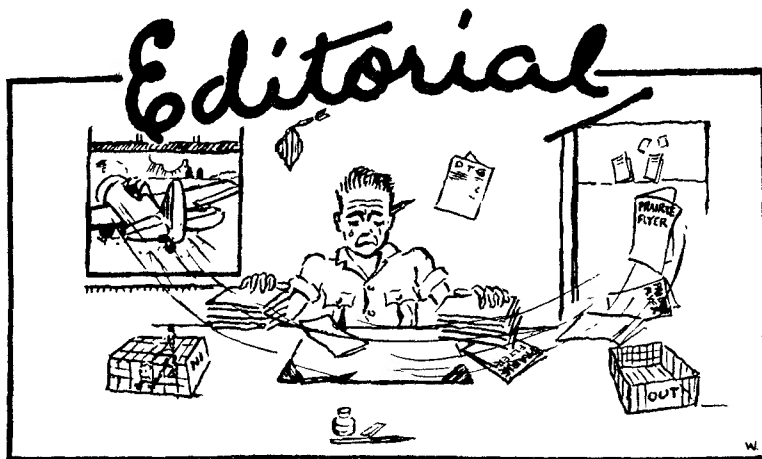
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At some time in their lives, most intelligent people feel the desire to write—the desire to set down on paper their ideas, thoughts or feelings on this or that subject. To some it means no more than a letter, to others a story, a thesis, a poem, or yes, even a cartoon. And because man has had this desire since the earliest days, the world has been enriched by some of its greatest literature.

But how often does it remain just a desire, pigeon-holed in the back of the mind and left for “some other time”—a “some other time” that never materializes? More often than not, I fear. And I suggest this is not a good thing. Suppose, for instance, Shakespeare or Dickens, or, if you will, W. W. Jacobs, had said “some other time.”

Are you guilty of saying those three words? If you are, then this editorial is addressed to you in particular. It is an appeal asking you to say them no more.

This magazine affords a splendid opportunity for you to see what *you* can do. Why not make a start *today*? Who knows what talent lies uncovered? Do not be prevented by the fear that you will not be able to do justice to your ideas; do not say “I’m not clever enough.” You do not need to have had a university schooling—remember Edgar Wallace, one of the most prolific writers the world has known, finished school at a tender age and sold newspapers on the streets of London before his desire to write was achieved.

Take up your pen, then and write; and when you have put the final full stop to your efforts, submit the result for publication in this magazine. It may be just what is wanted—if it is, it will be published and you will experience the satisfaction of seeing *your* words in print. If it is not accepted, do not be discouraged, but try again. Whatever its fate, you will, by making the attempt, be doing your share in ensuring the continuity of the “PRAIRIE FLYER.”

E. C.

Words of Wisdom

“Defeat will not mean brief eclipse from which we shall emerge with strength renewed—it will mean destruction of our world as we have known it, and the descent of darkness upon its ruins.”

H.M. THE KING, 24/5/40.

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The Padre's Page

Last month we tried to see how men had passed through various stages in their religious beliefs before arriving at a faith in One God. Even then, their idea of God was sometimes very far from perfect. But God had his own way of showing His children what He was like. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." God became man in the person of Jesus Christ, our Lord. So, if we want to know what God is like, we look at Jesus Christ, Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. In and through Him we realize how God loves us—so much, that He was ready to die on the Cross to save us.

Jesus said "Follow Me", and the Christian life consists of following Him by loving God and loving one another. This we have to do personally, and nothing can take the place of the personal following of the Master, and allegiance to Him, our Lord. But we cannot live the full life of fellowship, unless we realize that we are all members of one big family—and that family we call the Church. Through Baptism we become members of the Church; through Confirmation we are admitted to the full privileges of membership, especially to Holy Communion, and our greatest act of worship is the Holy Communion service, held at least every Sunday, in which Christ Himself comes to us in a very special way.

When people want to know what we stand for, we point to the Creeds: some of the phraseology needs to be explained, as its meaning today is different from what it was when it was first compiled—but its teaching is still fundamentally as true as at the first, and, when rightly understood, is complementary rather than contrary to science. We have the Bible, showing how the people gradually discovered what God is really like; how He showed Himself to them perfectly in Jesus Christ; how His Spirit began to work in His Church and its members; and how He has given us His Church and Sacraments for the continuation of His work and the strengthening of the workers. Finally, we have our ordered or ordained ministry, of bishops, priests and deacons; as Christ ordained His apostles, and they, as they won people to the love and service of Christ, ordained others, so, very soon, this ministry became established—not as the only workers, but as the leaders in worship and teaching.

We cannot think of God in higher terms than those of Christianity, we cannot value man more highly, or express our duty to him more nobly than does Christianity—in this sense we can say that Christianity is final. It means, if we take it seriously, a life of love, service, sacrifice and adventure. And it does not end here, but an integral part of its faith in that life, which begins here, and is continued more fully hereafter in the nearer presence of God.

DONALD A. FOSTER.

NOTES

The Rev. G. Glover, Minister of St. Andrew's United Church, Moose Jaw, was recently appointed part time Chaplain for other denominations, that is, denominations other than Church of England and Roman Catholic, his appointment dating from August 1st.

The Rev. J. J. P. Cunningham, Rector of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, Moose Jaw, has been appointed part time Chaplain for Roman Catholics, his appointment dating back to June 16th.

Both of our part time Chaplains have received the rank of Honorary Flight Lieutenant in the RCAF., and continue to carry out their respective duties in the City of Moose Jaw. The Rev. G. Glover will, from time to time, conduct or preach at the Service at 10.00 hours, in the Station Church, officiate at other services as required, and will visit on the Station each week. Father Cunningham says Mass on the Station every Sunday at 07.30 hours, and appoints some period each week, in accordance with notices in Orders, when Roman Catholic personnel may see him.

The Rev. D. A. Foster, Station Chaplain (C. of E.) and both the part time Chaplains are always anxious to be of service to all ranks of any religious denomination. Matters concerning doctrine and worship should, when possible, be referred to the Chaplain of the denomination concerned. In every other way, any of the Chaplains will be pleased to be of any possible help.

"They Also Serve . . ."

A wise man was Milton when he penned the memorable words — "They also serve who only stand and wait". Almost it seems that he foresaw the Royal Air Force in being. We wonder!

'Way, 'way back — well, at least eighteen months ago (hark, the reg'lar airmen sing!) a group of nervous young men sat in a waiting room, twiddled their thumbs, crossed and uncrossed their legs, and tentatively eyed a bloke with several medals, stripes and crowns, as they waited their turn to be examined by doctors for enlistment in the R.A.F. Restless and impatient, they waited till their turn came round. After being thumped here and there, cross-examined and peered at by several medicos, the volunteers were told they could go home and wait for calling up.

They waited, and waited, and waited; then, like the rains, the papers came. Then off to the recruiting centre, and there they stood and waited until billets had been provided. Next morning, they were attested, but they had to wait quite a while before taking the oath. Kitting out was the next step, and the rookies formed a queue outside Stores and waited while an assortment of equipment was slung at them, then waited patiently while the tailors drew weird patterns in chalk on their uniforms.

Off to dinner—and the crowd was pretty thick, so they stood outside and waited—then they stood inside . . . and waited! It becomes force of habit after a while. The Square drill was not so dreadful as might have been expected, but there was such a lot of time devoted to waiting while exercises were being explained, and inspections carried out. The inoculations didn't hurt, but the lads had to wait while the lineup slowly moved into "doc". Pay-day was something to be remembered—myriads of boys in blue appeared on parade, on time, too. They waited for—ah! that's the problem they have been trying to fathom out for some time. And as can be well imagined, letters from home

were eagerly awaited, and as the mail was well and truly mixed up, and dispersed to the various huts, normally the wrong ones, the airmen waited for their names to be called . . . others just waited!

So off to active service. It was a bit boring travelling to a new unit, there were so many train connections to wait for, but the new Unit was reached eventually. Days and work proved much more interesting, and time didn't hang so heavily, but still the lads waited longingly for leave. Then a posting overseas.

In the hush of darkness, the men moved off, waiting with others, while the troop train filled up, moved off, and waited for the signals to go green, finally reaching the port of embarkation. A quiet mob stood waiting on the quay, leaving more than they cared to admit, behind them, always waiting. The boat moved off, waited in the estuary for the convoy, then set across the seas for a distant port. Disembarked, our R.A.F. heroes — er — friends — waited for the train to transport them to their new station. There, they waited once again, while billets were allotted to them, waited while their particulars were taken, waited while they were medically examined, waited while they were assigned to new jobs of work (some to wait and serve in the various messes!).

So, far from the direct battlefield, the R.A.F. work and wait. They give of their best in helping to train the men to man the machines. They know there are people waiting on the "Island of Brave Men", waiting for the tools to finish the job. They have no really bitter complaints, but if you ask them what they are doing, ten to one the answer is, "Oh, I'm just waiting for . . ." Yes, they are waiting—waiting for mail, waiting for news from the home front and the battle front, waiting for posting back home, waiting for victory and peace. They are still and ever waiting . . . but SERVING!

"V.R."

As a first donation from the profits of the sale of this Magazine, a cheque for the sum of \$25.00 has been paid to the fund in aid of the widow of Sergeant K. Gilbert.

Things We Want to Know . . .

- 1 Was "Butch" taken beyond his ration strength, and if so, was that why he absented himself for duty?
- 2 Why he was not shown on D.R.O's as "Absent Without Leave"?
- 3 If the airmen enjoyed the Sports, and if they will be issued with field glasses next time?
- 4 If the gracious lady who presented the prizes found it very monotonous shaking the same hand so many times?
- 5 How high a certain Norwegian could have jumped had he removed his shorts?
- 6 If Sergeant Knight is still running?
- 7 Did a certain cook "drop in the soup" for saying that if he could only get into the Accounts Section he'd make "a hash of the books"?
- 8 Who is the airman who believes "Mi Wurd" is good Lancashire dialect?
- 9 Why the Padre had his waist measured on Sports Day?
- 10 How did the Sergeants' Mess "do"?
- 11 How many sore heads were there next morning?
- 12 Why some Officers were sitting in their offices well into the lunch hour one Sunday afternoon?
- 13 How many Prairie Chicken were accounted for by the R.A.F.?
- 14 Who shot a pheasant?
- 15 If Flight Sergeants welcome the return of Percentage Checks?
- 16 If a pupil's ground loop the other day wasn't really an attempt to imitate a Senior Officer's evolutions with a "Moth"?
- 17 Whether we are still to enter the Accounts Section with a smile?
- 18 If the Equipment Section spends its own money on L.P.O.'s?
- 19 Is it true that the Moose Jaw Transportation Company is considering a name for its early morning 'bus into camp, and that the name holding most votes at present is "The Honeymooners Return"?
- 20 Who designed the new wingless wonder in No. 5 Hangar, and will it ever fly?
- 21 If a certain "70 word a minute" ginger headed clerk is periodically constrained to take a shower?
- 22 Whether he ever listens to Radio's "Daily Dipping Hints"?
- 23 Do the readers of this magazine realize that the advertisers' announcements are for their benefit?
24. And when shopping do they ever say "I saw it in the 'Prairie Flyer'"?
25. Where, oh where has our little "Steve" gone?
26. What the hospital cat did to deserve Capital Punishment by "Butch"?
27. If it is too late in the year to expect the locally much-talked-of dust storms and grasshopper plagues?
28. Has the Equipment Section demanded animals for the new cage in No. 5 Hangar?
29. Who was responsible for the new speed limit sign being fixed at the city's boundary on 9th Avenue?
30. Who placed two Union Jacks on an officer's car just before he collected the C.O.?
- 31 When on Pay Parade, how many airmen make six?
32. Did a Senior Officer "brush" his opponents out of the way during a recent basketball match?
- 33 How many officers felt cold about the knees on Guest Night?
34. And how are those shoulders feeling these days?
- 35 Why a certain moustache wasn't removed first and permission asked afterwards?
36. If the Accounts Section can see things in a different light now the undergrowth has been removed?
- 37 If "Butch" enjoyed the Elks' Carnival?
- 38 And who was the airman who, finding him there, gave the name of "Mr. Creetts" when he rang up the Guardroom to advise them of the dog's whereabouts?
39. And was the reason he gave this name, the fear that he would be told to "bring him back AT ONCE"?
- 40 Did L/AC Towells receive his expenses for escorting "Butch" back to camp?
41. And will either the named or the un-named airman receive the usual \$150 paid when "Butch" goes astray?
42. Is it correct that Scottish tact will keep this mascot in tow, and would a change of name to "Jock" assist in endearing him to his new master?
43. Is it correct that on the night of October 9th, the Stork, wondering where to drop a bonnie bouncing baby boy, said, "I give it Best"?

Flying Instructor's Lament

What did you do in the war, Daddie?
How did you help us to win?
Circuits and Bumps and Turns, Laddie,
And how to get out of a spin.

Woe and alack and misery me!
I trundle around in the sky,
And instead of machine-gunning Nazis,
I'm teaching young hopefuls to fly.

Thus is my service rewarded,
My years of experience paid,
Never a Hun have I followed right down,
Nor ever gone out on a raid.

They don't even let us go crazy,
We have to be safe and sedate,
So it's nix on inverted approaches,
They stir up the C.F.I.'s hate.

For it's Oh! such a naughty example,
And what would the A.O.C. think,
But we never get posted to Fighters,
We just get a spell on the Link.

So it's circuits and bumps from morning till noon,
And Instrument Flying till tea;
"Hold her off, give her bank, put your undercart down,
You're skidding, you're slipping"—that's me.

And as soon as we've finished with one course,
Like a flash up another one bobs,
And there's four more to show round the cockpit,
And four more to try out the knobs.

But sometimes we read in the papers,
Of the deeds that old pupils have done,
And we're proud to have seen their beginnings,
And shown them the way to the sun.

So, if YOU find the money and turn out the planes,
WE'LL give all we know to the men,
Till they cluster the sky with their triumphs,
And burn out the Beast from his Den.



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BITS and PIECES

by F.F.F.

An Erk took a girl to a dance and proposed marriage to her in the conservatory.

Four times he asked her, and four times she refused.

"But you do love me?" he insisted.

"Of course," was the reply.

Exasperated, he asked her to dance, and while they were dancing he proposed again. To his amazement she answered "Yes."

"But why didn't you say yes when I asked you before?" he enquired, taken aback.

"Well," was the reply, "I think it is unlucky. You see, my father proposed to my mother in the conservatory,

and he DIED ON THE WAY HOME!"

— o —

Note from Parent to a Teacher (which I am assured is authentic):

"J o h n n y couldn't come because he couldn't go I've given him something to make him go, and when he's gone, he'll come."

— o —

Heard about the fellow who fooled the Orderly-room staff on enlisting, by filling in his surname as PHTHOLOGYRRH. When asked for an explanation of the pronunciation, he said TURNER, and justified his bizarre orthography as follows:

PHTH as in phthisis	—	T
OLO as in Colonel	—	UR
GN as in gnat	—	N
YRRH as in myrrh	—	ER

Isn't it a wonderful language?

— o —

Mrs. Jones was speaking to her neighbour over the garden fence. "What do you think!" she said. "They've promoted our Joe for 'ittin' Corporal. They've made 'im Court Martial!"

DEFINITIONS—

Pessimist—One who sees microbes in the milk of human kindness!

Temperamental—Ninety-five per cent. temper, and five per cent. mental!

Diplomacy—The art of letting someone else have your way!

— o —

A certain Warrant Officer caught an Erk making faces at "Butch," the bulldog.

"Why are you doing that?" he demanded.

"Well, he started it first!" was the reply.

— o —

"Hi-ya, Alf!"

"Oh, hello!"

"Seen my gas-mask anywhere?"

"Hell! Haven't you got it on?"

— o —

I suppose you've heard about the lazy Nazi who lives by the sweat of his "Frau"?

— o —

A Welsh regimental choir was singing outside the Officers' Mess after dinner. The Colonel, sitting over

his port, called the unmusical Sergt.-Major.

"Go," he said, "and tell the choir to sing 'Sweet and Low'."

The Sergeant Major went out and bawled to the leader. "If you blokes can't make less ruddy noise, the Colonel says you're to . . . well, clear off!"

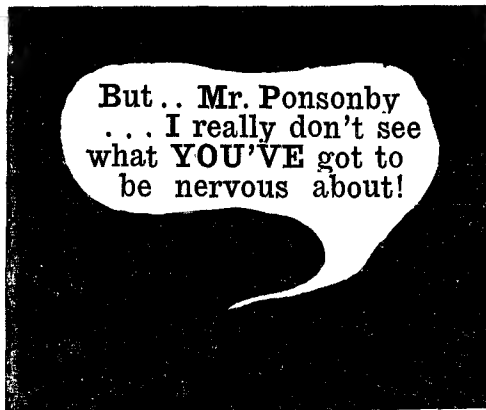
— o —

C.O. to Erk: "I've got lots of time for you, Ponsonby. Take seven days now!"

— o —

THIS MONTH'S HOWLER.

A cow is an animal with four legs,—one in each corner. He gives milk, except when he happens to be a bull!



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT



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The Old English
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N.B.16

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The Case-History of AC. Splodge

PART I.

In civilian life, Splodge (Theodore J. Splodge, to be precise, the "J" is believed to be Jerusalem, the last minute suggestion of his grandmother, who was a religious maniac and drunk at the time) was an amateur aesthete, a type of rare blossom which can be observed to bud in Chelsea, flower in Bloomsbury, and achieve a magnificent decay in the art-infested streets around Fitzroy Square. Like so many of his kind, he was a man of fires so well hidden that scarcely a glimmer was apparent to the casual observer; his claims to artistic consideration lay, not so much in what he did, as in what he one day might do.

For Splodge was a poet, and although his only production was a verse of three lines (entitled, rather obscurely, "Horses could easily be cows") it was recognized in his own circle that he showed great promise. His family, who had to support him, were of the same opinion, but apt to qualify the statement by adding "Promise of what?"

A cynical friend of mine once said that if all the thwarted, unappreciated or misunderstood geniuses of Chelsea, Soho, Bloomsbury and Pimlico were added together, you would have enough talent to write about three bars of the "Eroica." Though his judgment seems, to my soft heart, too severe, it is vindicated when one considers the circle of which Splodge was a shining member.

I propose here to digress from my main theme. Every circle, as we know, has a centre; that centre is indicated by a point; a point is an arbitrary division in space or time and has no dimensions, neither length, breadth nor depth. Now this is not a very happy state to be in, and may explain the gloomy outlook noticeable in the centre of Splodge's circle, who was a Russian named Serge Sergeiovitch Droolovski. The chief claim to distinction of this remarkable man was that, as a child, he was once taken to see Dostoevsky who, after remarking that he looked "a nasty little brat", gave him a rouble and then completely ignored him.

This promising introduction to the artistic world deeply impressed the child Droolovski and he determined then that he, too, would make his mark. In fact, he did so every time it became necessary to furnish his signature, for by some unfortunate oversight, he was never

taught to write. There are not many who, in the face of so great a handicap, would persist in their determination, but Serge Sergeiovitch, having decided to be an author, was, as far as he was concerned, an author, and if he never wrote a line that was the public's worry, not his.

It was not unnatural that around this great figure a group of devotees should form. A brief list of the names of these satellites would give us a planetary system before which our brightest constellations must, metaphorically speaking, shudder and grow pale.

Second only to Droolovski was Oswald B. Flat, whose Quartet in Several Keys for factory siren, carburettor, penny whistle and bagpipes had established his fame and he was admitted to be foremost in the musical section; none of the others, although it must be allowed that they tried peculiarly hard, could produce quite so nauseating a cacophony. Many felt that Jacques l'Cochon's "Trio for Three Vices" equalled the worst of Flat's achievement, but this sinister work was not written for performance and specified no instruments, l'Cochon having issued a manifesto in which he described performance as "effete", instruments as "outmoded", and generally left the impression that if there was one thing he hated more than another, it was music.

What galaxies of talent still confront us! Bertram Backdrop, the stage director, whose production of "Hamlet" with all the lights in the theatre on, all the stage lights off and the cast scattered about the gallery, had marked a new era in the drama: Hendrijck Van Lunie, a Dutch sculptor responsible for that "Moulding in Stilton Cheese", acclaimed as quite the highest event of its season; Laetitia Tumbleweed, the ballet dancer, whose regrettable tendency towards flat-footedness and a complete lack of grace made her success all the more praiseworthy; Oscar Bile, whose novel "The Dustman Never Rings More Than Once" had been so completely ignored that everyone was sure it must be a masterpiece; the painter, Nicholas Narkitt, originator of the Subsurrealist School, noted for his pioneer work in raw egg and Worcestershire sauce entitled "Sunrise at Heidelberg"; Peregrine St. J. X. Goone, that extraordinary critic whose book "Beauty Is The Bunk" had condemned practically every work of art

ever produced; Michaelangelo Palladio Alberti, the anarchist architect, whose buildings were chiefly conspicuous for a complete absence of walls. Such names as these serve to indicate the brilliance of the Droolovski Group, as it came to be known.

It is against a background such as this that we must think of Splodge. Consider too, the intellectual parties, where everyone talked so loudly and so much that it hardly mattered whether they were saying anything; where, if somebody fell flat on his face, one was never quite sure if it was alcohol or artistic enthusiasm that possessed him.

When war was declared, the effect on Splodge was precisely nil. Indeed, were it not for the black-out and the fact that he was afraid of the dark, he would scarcely have known there was a war on; but he cannot be blamed for a misapprehension which he shared with a good many politicians who were supposed, unlike Splodge, to know what it was all about.

As the months dragged on, however, signs of change appeared. Several of the group had gone over to the Philistines and joined the Ministry of Information. Those of you who used to wonder about this department, will now understand why it appeared a little, shall we say, odd. Others, awakening to the possibility of attentions from the Luftwaffe, had left London, and were startling villagers in Kent and Surrey and Devon and other fairly safe places by their peculiar speech, weird clothing, immoral habits and a reluctance to pay the rent.

But it was not until one night when, coming out of the tube at Tottenham Court Road, he was promptly blown back into it by a high explosive effort, that he came to realize that things were not what they had been. From this time onwards, everything seemed to go wrong; bombs and even whole aeroplanes fell to earth at all hours of the day and night, guns roared like no thunder ever heard, tiresome little showers of shrapnel leapt at one from all directions, fires blazed, buildings disappeared from one day to another; even his favorite pub was blasted away.

Then, one day, as Theodore was wandering around a bomb crater in Trafalgar Square, he overheard the chance remark that was to decide his fate.

"The civilians are catching it all," said a man in a bowler hat to his friend who was feeding the pigeons, "and the best

chance you have of getting away from the war is to join the army."

The paradoxical quality of this remark appealed to Splodge's reason, and he rushed off, determined to get into a uniform and away from it all immediately.

He was saved a good deal of time by two soldiers who were waiting for him at his flat when he got there, and escorted him with respectful attention to the nearest recruiting centre.

It appeared that the Minister for War had written him several little notes, suggesting that the time had come for him to play his part in the war effort, and getting no reply to these communications, naturally became anxious for his welfare and had sent the two soldiers to enquire after his health.

Theodore explained that his correspondence consisted entirely of bills, which were torn up immediately he received them, and the Minister's letters must have been dealt with, all unwittingly, in this fashion. However, he was only too pleased to answer the call and would readily follow any suggestions they had to offer.

The recruiting officer conferred with various subordinates, and announced his decision.

"They want a superior type of man," he said, "I think we'll put him in the Air Force."

"What as?" asked a sergeant.

"As what?" corrected Theodore.

"General Duties."

"Thank you very much", said Theodore. He had a vague notion that Generals were people of some standing in the services, and felt rather pleased at his superiority having been so easily recognized; it was pretty decent of the fellow, and he thanked him again before he left.

Some days later we find Splodge at a training camp; he is wet, he is hungry, he is tired, his clothes do not fit, he is depressed, he is disappointed, and he is not making things any easier by his repeated demand "When are they going to make me a General?"

Obviously he is a misfit, even his uniform illustrates it. Already he has encountered a number of people who, it is evident, do not understand him, do not want to understand him, but are

(Continued on Page 23)

Glossary of R.A.F. Terms

Part I.

(Note: No claim is made that this glossary is complete. There must be many words and terms which have not been included, and readers are invited to submit any omissions of which they are aware, for inclusion in next month's issue. It is hoped that "civvies", after reading this glossary, will be able to converse with airmen and understand what they are talking about! The second part will be published next month.—Ed.)

- ACKERS — The "root of all evil" — Money.
- BRASSED OFF; BROWNEED OFF — Terms used by airmen to indicate their feelings a week before pay-day.
- BARRACK ROOM SPORTS — The weekly char-ing effort.
- BANGERS — "Bags of mystery" — Sau-sages.
- BROLLIES — Parachutes.
- BINDER — One who makes you tired — a bore.
- BLOWER — Telephone.
- BOBBING — Lots of activity — the act of working.
- BLOKE — An ordinary decent fellow.
- BUCKSHEE — Free.
- BUMPH — Just paper.
- CHAIR-WARMER — Clerks, noted for their ability to swig tea.
- CHAR — The cup that cheers.
- CHEESED OFF — Same as BRASSED OFF and BROWNEED OFF.
- CHIEFY — A BLOKE with three stripes and a crown on his arm.
- CHINESE WEDDING CAKE — Rice pud-ding.
- COWBOY'S BREAKFAST — Bacon and beans.
- CLINK — Alternatively JUG or MUSH. Haunted by JANKER WALLAHS and GESTAPO. The place where one is supposed to meditate on one's wrong-doings.
- COFFIN NAILS — Cigarettes.
- DEEP SEA DIVER — An ERK with a good swallow.
- DEVIL DODGER — Padre or Chaplain.
- DHOBI-ING or DOING-THE-SMALLS — an airman's laundry effort.
- DOC — A Medical N.C.O.
- DOCK — The place where one sees DOC.
- DOGS — Same as BANGERS.
- DUCK'S DISEASE — An ERK less than 5' 4" suffers from this.
- DUMMY RUN — Rehearsal.
- EAPER — Something not good.
- ERK — Any airman up to the rank of Corporal.
- FLAP — Panic.
- FLAT SPIN — Mental chaos.
- FLANNEL — Name given to a method adopted by ERKS and others to gain promotion, favours, BUCKSHEE leave, and what-have-you.
- GREASE — Butter or margarine.
- GEN — PUKKA GEN: Authentic information.
- DUFF-GEN — Not so authentic information.
- GALLEY SLAVES — ERKS employed in the Cookhouse.
- GAMPS — Same as BROLLIES.
- GESTAPO — RAF Service Police; also known as OGPU.
- GHARRI — Taxi, or Livery car.
- GOON — Pupil pilot.
- GRUB SPOILER — An airman drawing cook's pay.
- GRAVEL CRUSHING — Drill . . . also known as SQUARE POUNDING.
- GRIFF — Similar to "GEN".
- GUBBINS — Used in place of any noun.
- HEN FRUIT — Eggs.
- HOOKS — See ON THE HOOKS.
- I.B.A. — Just an A.C.H. (an Aircraft Hand).
- IRONS — Knife, fork and spoon.
- JANKERS — What one does if one is found out. (JANKER WALLAH — One who JANKS.)
- JUG — Same as CLINK.
- KITE — Any aircraft that **should** fly.
- LINE SHOOTER — Normal airman when out of camp.
- LIKE THE CLAPPERS — In a very speedy manner.
- LOFTY — Any airman over 5' 4".
- MAE WEST — A life-saving jacket.
- MASHING — "Necking" or spooning.
- MUSH — (noun) Same as CLINK; (verb) to "neck".

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117 MAIN N.

Mi Wurd

Ow tyme flys, it onely seams a shawt wile ago sinse I was getting on the trane to go on me leeve. I thort that as I ad seen orl the wunders of the Prairy—grarsoppers, crikkets and moskitoes, not fergettin to menshun goafers, etc.—I wood like to sea the wunders of the west.

I maid orf for Vancoover, butt stopped at Banf on the weigh. Their I met a Redskin hoo wanted to sel me a bare-skin. I doant meen a red bearskin like yew sea on the gals backs at the beech, butt a skin orf a reel bare. I wood ave liked to ave bort it butt it mite ave made mi lokker look untidey, and then I mite ave got a shade of Jankers. In case eny of yew doant appen to noe wot that is, its not a new kind of spawt, but a wun-sided gainm that the stashun pleece seem to be akwainted wiv, and like takin part in, as they are on the rite side.

Wile I was traveling on the train threw those somber lukiing hils, I thort of yew orl at kampf as bizi as bees, delitedly cleening yore winders an polishin yore bed-spaices. Praps I shoold not menshun two much abowt that now as sum of yew ave got yore better arves owt here and thay mite wont it dun at ome. Enyway, I ad a drink on behalf of orl of yew at Vancoover.

I went into a otel their wiv 2 daws at the front—wun ses on it Ladies, and the uther Gents, butt it wosnt the same as the Ladies and Gents at ome, as boath daws leed into the same room and ere yew drink.

Vancoover is a big plaice, butt I doant think it is as big as Lundun, and arfter being emmed in by mountens, yew can



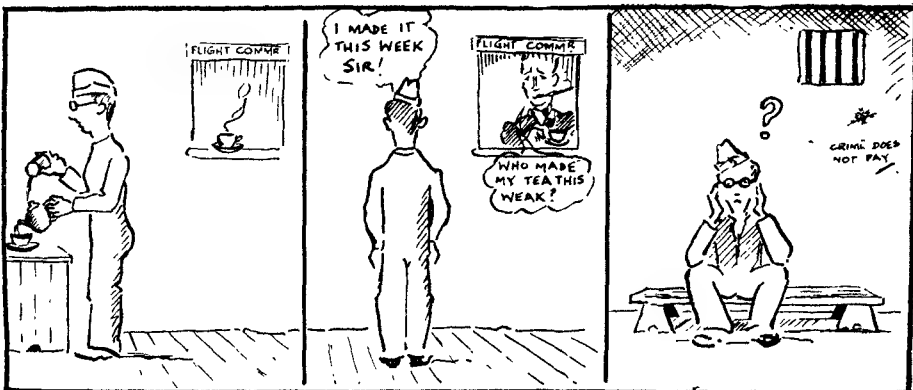
just imajin ow glad I was to be back on the prairy wiv its wide open spaices.

On mi return I was pleased to find we ad a bulldog put on the strenf of the stashun as ower maskot. I nowe yew will orl be proud of im, butt ope yew orl nowe that a dog shoold onely ave 1 meel a day, so pleese doant give im eny of your meels or he might dessert. Of corse, eny of yew may taik im owt for a walk, butt if yew doo, yew must get instruckshuns from the guardroom as to ow he is to conduct imself on the leed. Yew can taik im in Rivver Park as evrywun nose dogs like the countree, butt he is not to be taken rabbittin. If he shoold chew threw the leed, and slope orf on is own, becos he is fed up wiv wateing wile yew are tawkin to yore own or sumwun elses sweetart, yew must wring 2373 and thay will send owt a serch partie. Butt, doant ferget to retern the arf of the lead yew got, as they mite be able to yews it for a tall dog.

I ave not got tyme to rite no more now, as I ave got to fill the pokkets of mi civvies wiv moff balls and lavender, as I am tolled I musn't ware them eny more till I get mi nekst leeve, and doant noe wen that wil bee.

But nevvver mined, eh !

HUGH CARES.



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Chivalry

Some say that days of chivalry are over,
Gone with the age of clanking sword and mail,
Gone with the time of timorous beauteous maidens
Awaiting rescue from a monster's gaol.

Yet 'tis not so, for when the rain was falling,
Making roadways but greasy treacherous paths,
A modern knight on his pseudo warhorse,
Resplendent steed, with carefree ease rode past.

Holding his mount with a hand that told of practice,
Up the steep hill, not checking speed, he flew,
Climbing in top, no case of dropping gear,
A thing a knightly knight would never do.

Stay, on the hilltop heedless of the danger,
A ball of fluff, a tiny little mite,
A kitten, playing with a piece of paper,
Strays on the road regardless of its plight.

A scream of brakes, a violent skid has saved it,
A sudden check, which may in disaster end,
Puss flies to safety 'neath a friendly archway,
The Cyclist, righted, rides on round the bend.

Some say that days of chivalry are over,
That courteous deeds are buried in the dust,
Proved by that action simple but impressive.
The sword of modern knighthood does not rust.

Ozzie's Isms

Socialism—

You have two cows—you give one to
to your neighbour.

Communism—

You have two cows—give both to the
Government—Government gives you
part of milk.

Fascism—

You have two cows—you keep cows—
give milk to Government—Govern-
ment sells part of milk back to you.

Capitalism—

You have two cows—you sell one cow
and buy a bull.

Nazism—

You have two cows — Government
shoots you—takes both cows.



The Only Bet He Lost

He joined up at the outbreak of war and very soon earned the nickname of "Betcha". No matter when it was, if ever he said "I betcha!" he was on a dead "cert". Even with this reputation, the smartest on the station would often risk a bet, taken solely to vindicate their pride. "Betcha" must be caught out on one of his bets somehow, and so it became an obsession on the station.

In due course he was promoted to sergeant and became a member of the Mess. Of course, they knew his reputation, and from the S.W.O. downwards, the entire Mess lured him into bets of all sorts. But his luck still held—every time "Betcha" won.

As time went on pride was forgotten, only very rarely was a bet made with him—in fact, newcomers were warned about him and told that if they made a bet with "Betcha" it was at their pocket's peril.

And then came the day when he was posted to another unit. The S.W.O. was a kindly soul and telephoned the S.W.O. of "Betcha's" new station, just to put him wise—"Whatever you do, don't bet with him—you'll lose."

In due time "Betcha" arrived, and after the usual formalities had been attended to he walked into the Sergeants' Mess to be greeted by "wise" people.

"Have you met the S.W.O.?" asked one of the W.O.'s.

"No," he replied, and then, as if musing to himself, went on, "I don't know that I'm overkeen to meet a cissy."

"What do you mean?" said the W.O. curtly.

"Sorry, sir," said "Betcha", "I didn't mean to say that, but I had heard that the S.W.O. here wears fancy coloured silk vests, and I must have been thinking of that."

"I shall report this insolence to the S.W.O.," said the W.O., turning on his heels and walking away.

The S.W.O. was livid with anger when he heard, and decided he'd make this "young Sergeant pup" sit up. Yes! that's it! He'd make him apologise in front of the whole Mess. He might win all his bets and consider himself very smart, but he couldn't get away with saying things like that about the S.W.O.

Just after tea, when most of the Sergeants were in the Mess, the S.W.O. called for silence. Having got it, he called "Betcha" to book and told him

that he expected an apology right there and then.

"I'm very sorry, sir," said "Betcha", "but my information on the matter is so definite that I know it is right."

The members of the Mess thought the S.W.O. was going to explode. "How dare you insinuate such things," he spluttered.

"But, sir," said "Betcha", "my information is such that I betcha ten dollars it's true."

At this there was an audible intake of breath all round—he'd said "I betcha" and all eyes turned towards the S.W.O. in expectation that the challenge would be accepted.

The S.W.O. was right on his toes. "What's that? You bet me ten dollars I wear fancy coloured silk underwear?"

"Why, sure, sir, that's what I said," was the answer. "You prove to me, here and now, that you're not wearing 'em, and this ten dollar bill is yours."

Within a very short space of time the S.W.O. had stripped off his tunic, trousers, and shirt, and stood in his very much "Service" underwear.

"Betcha" had lost a bet at last! And was the S.W.O. pleased after all the warnings he had received from "Betcha's" last station? This was good, he'd ring them up right away and tell them that their warning was all "hooley"—it wasn't "Betcha" who was so smart, it was they who were so slow!

He was unable to contain himself while Signals were getting the number, but eventually, after what seemed an eternity, he was put through to the other S.W.O.

"Hello, there! So your smart 'Betcha' can't be caught out, eh? Sure it's not you fellows over there? Well, it might interest you to know that I've taken ten dollars from him already. And his first bet, too!"

"What! How on earth did you manage it?" was the reply.

The S.W.O. explained all the circumstances of the bet, and finished up with, "... so, knowing that he'd lost his first bet, I stripped off there and then, and took his ten bucks!"

"You ——— fool!" came blaring into his ear. "He bet me fifty dollars before he left here that he'd make you strip off your clothes in front of the whole Mess before he'd been there a day!"

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To You

(The undermentioned was received with a challenge to print it, and so prove that not all "Englishmen" are as hard-hearted as the one who provoked it. We gladly respond to the challenge.—Ed.)

I own a lovely "Garden",
It overflows with flowers;
I go there when I'm lonely,
Just to spend some quiet hours.

Meandering through the roses,
Sunk in a mist of dreams,
I pause beside a flowered mound;
How dear my "Garden" seems!

'Tis a memory tinged with sadness
Of a love that was a lie.
'Twas just a promise of a Paradise,
Now all I can ask is "Why?"

Life can be hell sometimes you know,
It shakes one's faith in God
To fold one's dreams into a shroud
And bury them 'neath the sod.

But God go with you, my darling,
Wherever you may be;
I realize now, how vain was the hope
That He created you for me.

Thus, I fashioned my "Garden"—
'Tis all that is left for me—
Wherein I cherish thoughts of you
In "My Garden of Memories."

GWEN.

THE CASE-HISTORY OF AC. SPLODGE

(Continued from Page 14)

bitterly determined that HE shall understand THEM.

Even his entry to the camp had been inauspicious.

He arrived in a taxi, with a portmanteau and two suitcases. His pet monkey, Darwin, preceded him through the gates, chattering happily at the end of a silver chain.

A man with three stripes on his sleeve was standing about, apparently having nothing better to do.

"I say, you!" called Theodore.

The man turned towards him. He seemed quite startled; his neck bulged suddenly and turned the most peculiar shade of purple, shading off to a violet

around his chin and thence to an even scarlet all over his face. It was not very encouraging.

"I was told to report for duties as a General!" said Theodore, brightly.

He thought the man was going to explode, but he didn't, and when he spoke his voice was so low as to be almost inaudible. In point of fact, he was practically choking.

"Which one of you?" he said.

"Me, you silly man," giggled Theodore, "that's Darwin, my pet."

"I don't care if it's Cardinal Newman," said the man, and his voice grew a little louder, "he can't come in here."

"If he can't, then I can't" responded Theodore. "Now do be sensible and let someone take my luggage."

"Luggage?" muttered the sergeant. "LUGGAGE?"

Theodore waved languidly towards the taxi. The sergeant looked at it; he had the appearance of one who sees visions.

"When did they let you out?" he asked in a kindly tone.

"I don't know what you mean" said Theodore. "In fact, I doubt very much if you could ever mean anything. Please don't waste my time any longer."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the sergeant, politely, though Theodore had a nasty feeling that he was addressing the monkey. "have you any papers with you?"

Theodore produced his credentials. The effect was instantaneous; never in his life had he heard such language. In no time at all, he was standing in a queue at the other end of the camp, minus his luggage, his dignity, and his monkey, and plus an unhappy memory, a knife, a fork, a spoon and a towel, with all five of which the Service had already thoughtfully provided him.

We will leave him there for the present, a somewhat disconsolate figure; but be assured that it is not the last we shall see of him.

He has lots more trouble ahead.

T. M.

LOST OR STOLEN BETWEEN
the hours of 22.00 and 23.00 on
1/10/41, one large red moustache.
Would the finder please return to
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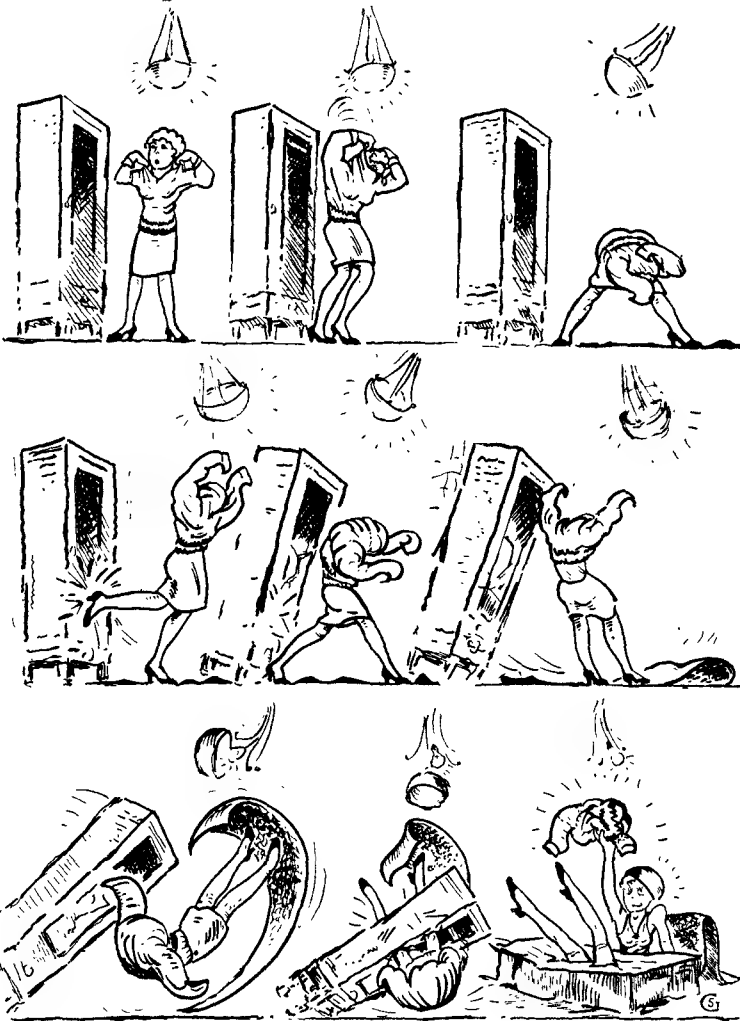
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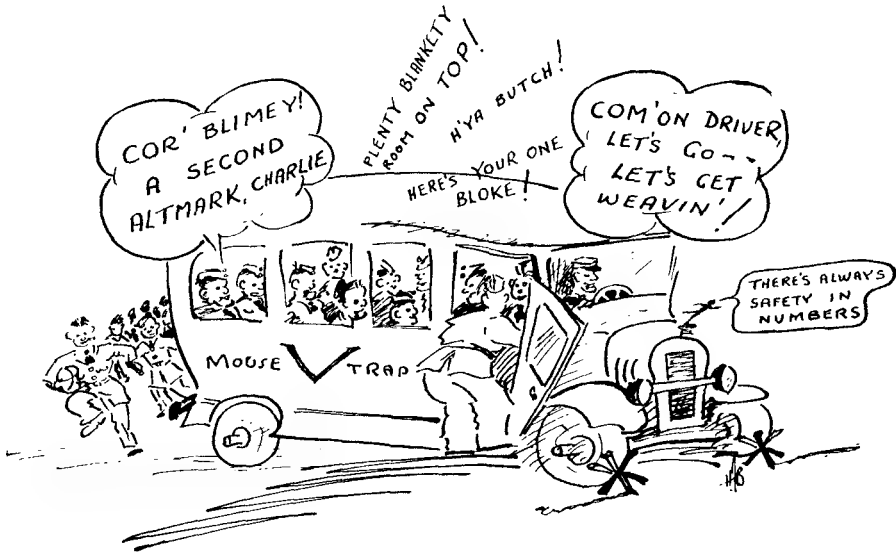
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R.A.F. BOTTLE NECK

LAUGHTER IN COURT

Judge: "What is your name?"

Defendant: "Sparks."

Judge: "And your occupation?"

Defendant: "Electrician."

Judge: "With what is the defendant charged?"

Clerk: "Assault and battery."

Judge (turning to constable): "Put him in a dry cell."

Hitler's "secret weapon" was being discussed.

"My friends at the War Office," claimed Lance-Corporal Smith, "told me all about it."

His friends were duly impressed.

"It's like this," continued Smith. "The Fuehrer's going to sign a pact—and then he's going to keep his word—and paralyse the whole world from shock."

First Cutie: "Hello, Millie! I thought you worked in the kimono department."

Second Ditto: "No—not since the boss tried to put one over on me."

Teacher: "Now, children, a collision occurs when two things come together unexpectedly. Jimmy Green, give me an example."

Jimmy Green (bashfully): "Twins?"

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

The husband who told his wife he would be late home as he would be "fire-watching" after he left the office. But he did not tell her which flame it was.

Then (lest we forget) there is another told of just another German pilot who dropped, still braggart and truculent, in the grounds of a great English country house. After yielding himself up to some villagers, he turned to his captors and, pointing to the great mansion, said: "A month from now der Fuehrer will be occupying your big house there." "Very likely," replied one of the villagers, quietly, "that's our County asylum!"

HOWLERS

Manual Labour is a Spanish nobleman. Black Maria is a Negro's wife.

Customer (to butcher): "Those sausages you sent me had meat at one end and bread at the other."

Butcher: "Yes, ma'am! In these hard times it's difficult to make both ends meat."



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“QUIZ”

1. One of the following should be fully acquainted with the meaning of tort. Which is it?
 (a) Barrister;
 (b) Engineer;
 (c) Mathematician;
 (d) Chemist.
2. Mohair comes from:
 (a) Camel;
 (b) Goat;
 (c) Horse;
 (d) Racoon?
3. Which of the following is a Drago-man?
 (a) Keeper in a zoo;
 (b) One who hunts dragons;
 (c) A type of settee;
 (d) Native guide in the Near East.
4. A woman who makes a Will is known as:
 (a) Beneficiary;
 (b) Aviatrix;
 (c) Testatrix;
 (d) Executrix?
5. If you desired to be a Thespian, would you
 (a) Study medicine;
 (b) Take a course in Dramatics;
 (c) Go into a monastery;
 (d) Study music?
6. Is asbestos
 (a) grown;
 (b) mined;
 (c) Manufactured;
 (d) caught?
7. In what year was the “Titanic” sunk?
 (a) 1902;
 (b) 1910;
 (c) 1912;
 (d) 1914.
8. In what part of a ship is the poop?
 (a) forward;
 (b) aft;
 (c) crew’s quarters;
 (d) kitchens.
9. Can you name the authors of the following?
 (a) “Peter Pan”;
 (b) “Treasure Island”;
 (c) “Waverley Novels”;
 (d) “The Fate of Homo Sapiens”;
 (e) “The Origin of the Species”.
10. Can you fill in the missing numbers?
 (a) King Henry VIII had wives.
 (b) Napoleon’s days.
 (c) There are lbs. in a long ton.
 (d) Frenchmen can’t be wrong.
 (e) All Gaul is divided in parts.

“She’s a war baby.”
 “What d’you mean?”
 “An appeal to arms.”

Joe: “Are you troubled with improper thoughts?”
 Jim: “No—I enjoy them.”



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Answers to Quiz on Page 29

1. (a) Barrister.
2. (b) Goat.
3. (d) Native guide in the Near East.
4. (c) Testatrix.
5. (b) Take a course in Dramatics.
6. (b) Mined.
7. (c) 1912.
8. (b) Aft.
9. (a) Sir James Barrie;
(b) R. L. Stevenson;
(c) Sir Walter Scott;
(d) H. G. Wells;
(e) Darwin.
10. (a) 6;
(b) 100;
(c) 2,240;
(d) 50,000,000;
(e) 3.

She: "D'you think I show distinction in my clothes?"

He: "H'mm—I should think distinctly would be the better word."

R.A.F. 1961

'The following was inspired by "The Flying Instructors' Lament", which appears on page 8.—Ed.).

"What did the R.A.F. do in the World War, Daddy?"

"My son,
the Bombers did "long flights and dumps",
the Fighters did "pursuits and jumps",
the Instructors did "circuits and bumps",
the Ground Staff cleaned "carbs and sumps",
the Army Co-operators photo'd "strange lumps",
the U-boat Patrol just "buckled their rumps",
and
the W.A.A.F.'s—well, **their** hearts were trumps!"

—V. M.

Engineer: "If I start at a key point on a given figure and travel the entire distance around it, what will I get?"

She: "Slapped."

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P	A	S	S		O		B	A	N	E
E			P	E	N	A	L			T
R	E	V	E	L	A	T	I	O	N	S
A			C	L	U	E	S			T
T	A	S	K		T		S	P	A	R
I	L	K		P	I	N		O	R	E
V	I	E		I	C	E		L	E	E
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The prize of \$1 for the first correct solution opened has been awarded to:

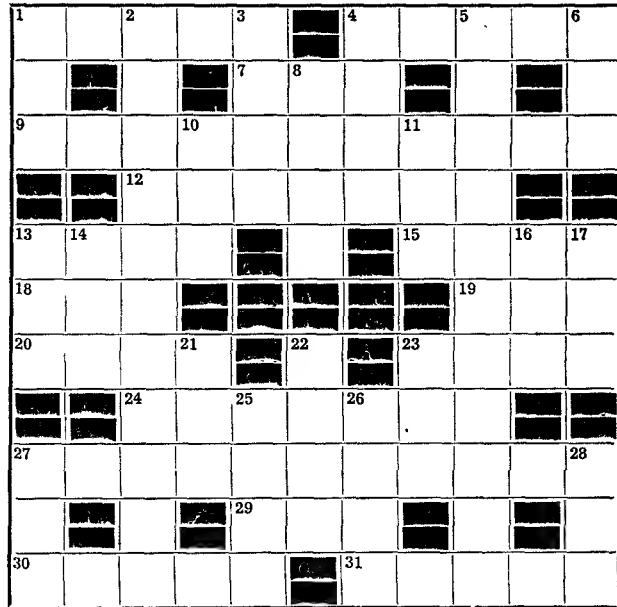
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Crossword Competition No. 3

The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive before 31st October, 1941.

"The Prairie Flyer,"
No. 32 S.F.T.S.,
Moose Jaw.

marking the envelope "X-word."



Clues Across

1. Somebody in India.
4. Fifty in front of a sailor and fifty bringing up in the rear for a tag.
7. Custom.
9. "Try sow truth" (anagram).
12. Following.
13. In this shows purpose.
15. Are you finding this puzzle this?
18. Period of time.
19. Turn a fish upside down for shelter.
20. Many a this has fallen on 27 across, we're told.
23. If something this you, you're not in the "pink."
24. Usually far-flung when referred to in connection with the Empire.
27. "That moon's up" for an English city.
29. Vessel.
30. Hurts.
31. Girl's name.
3. Another vessel.
4. Male name.
5. What the small boy said as he offered his apple (3 words).
6. Do this to a table.
8. Cavort in water.
10. Same as 6.
11. Surrounds 12.
13. Appendix.
14. Self.
16. French salt.
17. Affirmative.
21. Conjunction.
22. Box.
23. Reptile.
25. So.
26. This bus for purists.
27. Can be seen from 2.
28. Born.

Clues Down

1. Fisherman's aid.
2. English town.

NAME

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Prophecies

On a tombstone, five hundred years old, in the churchyard at Churchampsie, Sussex, is inscribed the following prophecy:

*"When pictures look like motions free,
When ships like fishes swim beneath
the sea,
When man's destroying birds can span
the sky,
Then half the world deep drenched in
blood shall lie."*

And here is a very striking prophecy by one, Ste. Odile, an Alsatian abbess, of the eighth century. She says:

"The Germans will rank as the most belligerent nation on earth, and there will spring from its womb the terrible monster from the banks of the Danube, who will undertake war on the world. He will win victories on land, sea, and even in the air."

"His winged warriors will be seen in unbelievable attacks to rise up to the firmament, seize the stars and throw

them on towns from one end of the universe to the other, and light gigantic fires.

"For a year and a half he will carry all before him; then will come a period of decline, then another; and then a third period, when the countries of all the conquered will be invaded on all parts, and delivered from tyranny.

"Nations will sing their Hymns of Thanksgiving in the Temples of God, and thank Him for their deliverance."

The contributor of this article, a Moose Jaw resident, enclosed with it the following letter, which we publish as a matter of interest:
To the Editor:

May I, as an ex-Imperial officer, say how much I appreciate your enterprise in bringing out the "Prairie Flyer"? Well edited Service Magazines always seem to have a zest and verve to them, so often absent from other publications, and this is refreshing to an intellect somewhat satiated with a flood of Western literature. Judging by the first two numbers, the "Prairie Flyer" would seem to be no exception in the matter of merit to similar publications.

I am enclosing herewith some rather striking prophecies in case you should find them interesting. I do not know whether you would care to insert anything in your magazine from an outside source, but you are welcome to do so. At any rate, the enclosed are more remarkable than those of our Western seer who so kindly finished the war for us last month.

Wishing you every success. I am,

K. L. J.

Moose Jaw, 27th September, 1941.

This last prophecy was sent to me by a lady who is well informed on Alsatian tradition and folklore. She added that a soldier just on leave from abroad was visiting her about a week before she wrote, and he told her he had seen Ste. Odile's tomb, and had heard all about her. He said "she was worshipped in Alsace for her numerous prophecies which,"

he asserted, "have always come true at the right time — and so will this one."

Judge: "This lady says you tried to speak to her at the railway station. What have you got to say?"

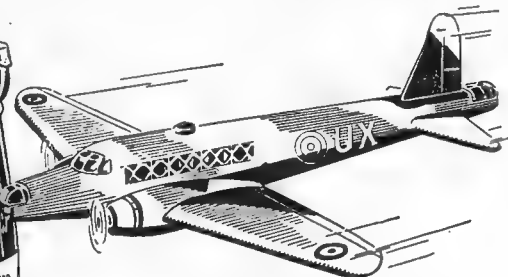
Traveller: "It was a mistake. I was looking for my friend's sister, whom I have never seen before, but who was described to me as being a beautiful blonde with classic features, fine complexion, wonderful figure, extremely well dressed and—"

Witness: "I don't think I wish to go on with the prosecution against this gentleman. Anyone might have made the same mistake."

Hitler was inspecting a mental home when he was told that in one cell were five men who suffered from a queer form of megalomania. They all wore short moustaches and kept on muttering, "I am Adolf Hitler, the greatest man in Germany." Hitler asked to be allowed to enter the cell, his attendants to remain outside; he would knock when he wished to be let out. After five minutes there was a violent bang at the door. A physician flung the door of the cell open. Out walked a short man with a short moustache. To this day nobody knows which one left the cell.



404



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CALGARY (Established 1892) CANADA

SPORTS CHATTER

Soccer still holds the stage. He is King of Sport for the masses. His court has been varied lately, and in the lists, we have had jousts between the Thistle and Rose. The Maple Leaf also has entered the field as a new contestant. The sport is the hardest and best supported of all; in fact, it is a disease—and incurable! Since I took over the Sports Section, I have been telling myself that soccer will be over soon, and then we shall be able to get ahead with other schemes, but it looks as if soccer will have to be murdered; but who will play Macbeth? No! King Soccer is too great a favourite, and so we must hold our hand and allow him to die a gracious and natural death. He is getting some kick out of life right now.

History has been made by the staging of a Scotland versus England game, said to be the first of its kind in these parts. The result was satisfactory in that both sides drew an equal amount of blood—the score being a draw, 1-1. As to the game, I won't say much, but I am curious to know what strong spirit hovered around the Scottish goal. Unfortunately, the attendance was scant, due to a bitterly cold day, but it is surprising that we didn't have more Scots—they're usually around when there are any free "nips" going! The St. Andrew's Society of Moose Jaw, who sponsored the game, have expressed their appreciation and thanks to the Station for the part they played. The collection yielded a sum of \$17.00 for their Scottish Air Raid Victims' Fund.

We have played Mossbank on two occasions. In the first game we lost, 4-2. Somebody said there were too many officers in our team. In the second game there were no officers, and the result—a 7-0 victory for us!

The Royal Canadian Engineers from Dundurn threw a spanner into our gear box, and we simply could not get going in the match against them, which ended in a draw with two goals each. It has been said that we brought real soccer to the Prairies—did they take a leaf out of our book? No! They put one in—a Maple Leaf! They certainly had our lads dancing around for position, and it wasn't an old-fashioned waltz! Our normal smooth-working forwards were truckin' and jitterbugging for an open-

ing. All are anxious for a replay at Dundurn, but I doubt if this can be arranged.

The Station cup-ties are going strong, and by the time these notes are published the finalists should be known.

The enthusiasm for soccer recalls to mind the story concerning an ex-internationalist whose son was representing his country at Wembley. The father was proudly speculating on his son's performance, when he received a telegram from his son, intimating that he had broken his leg in the game. The father, in disgust, turned to his wife, and said, "Just like the young fool—always thinking of himself—not a word about the half-time score."

The station football league final table is appended. There is no doubt as to who won the competition, but for the accuracy of the chart, I cannot vouch. Unfortunately, several teams dropped out and all the fixtures were not fulfilled. We would require to set up a Court of Inquiry to determine the proper place of each team.

It's time we were getting into the swim for the Swimming Gala, which is to be held in about the third week in October. It's going to be a big "splash". In addition to individual events there will be competition—keen competition, I hear, for the Station Championship, which will be run on the same lines as that on Sports Day, and which was voted a huge success by all concerned. The City of Moose Jaw Trophy for inter-section competition will be at stake. I think the officers have a hand on it already, but it takes two hands to swim off with such a trophy. By the way, it is intended to put this up for competition for all games.

We have a large number of entries for the Badminton Tournament, and it is hoped to get a "shuttle" on soon. An additional court, and also another double tennis court, has been laid down.

The Basketball League is under way, and at a later date a knock-out competition will be organised.

We have challenged Mossbank to a Rugby match, and in the meantime, until this can be arranged, we intend to

"scrum" amongst ourselves. Officers versus airmen would provide a keen contest—what about it?

Those interested in P.T. should attend at the Drill Hall any evening (Saturday and Sunday excepted) at 18.00 hours. Sergeant Scott and Corporal Bedford, the two instructors, are great believers in the "Sacred the body even as thy soul" movement. There must be many on the station who feel the same, and others who think their bodies too sacred for P.T. Try it—you can feel it doing you good.

The airmen's Golf Tournament was won by Corporal Martin with Sergeant Sykes as runner-up. Our thanks are due to the Lynbrook Club for donating a cup to the winner and a prize to the other finalist. As to the officers' championship, it seems that the finalists—

F/O Hanbury and P/O Gamon—are still in the "rough", but one of these days one of them will "stymie" the other.

And now to a little money matter. It is reported that the local bakers' knead dough with their boots on, the parson's wife knead's dough with her gloves on, but the Sports Fund needs "dough" to keep its shirt on, and if some of the delinquent members of the Station don't pay up more regularly it will need "dough" without a thing on—and these prairies are no Garden of Eden in the winter time. The subscription is voluntary—five cents per pay-day. It is up to your own sense of decency, lads, whether you contribute or not. For the facilities afforded it is the cheapest club in the world, but from a station of this size we should have more "dough".

A. CARSWELL.

Station Football League

FINAL TABLE

	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against	Points
Miscellaneous	14	11	3	0	38	12	25
Signals and Stores	14	8	4	2	26	18	20
E. and F. Flights	14	9	0	5	18	9	18
C. and D. Flights	14	7	3	4	31	22	17
Officers' Mess Staff	14	8	1	5	30	29	17
Electricians	14	6	4	4	27	23	16
C.G.I.	14	6	3	5	28	24	15
A. and B. Flights	14	6	2	6	36	26	14
Majors	14	5	4	5	23	30	14
G. and H. Flights	14	6	1	7	23	28	13
Airmen's Mess Staff	14	5	2	7	16	29	12
Minors	14	3	5	6	14	19	11
Repairs	14	3	3	8	10	15	9
Sergeants	14	2	2	10	6	25	6
Workshops	14	1	1	12	10	26	3

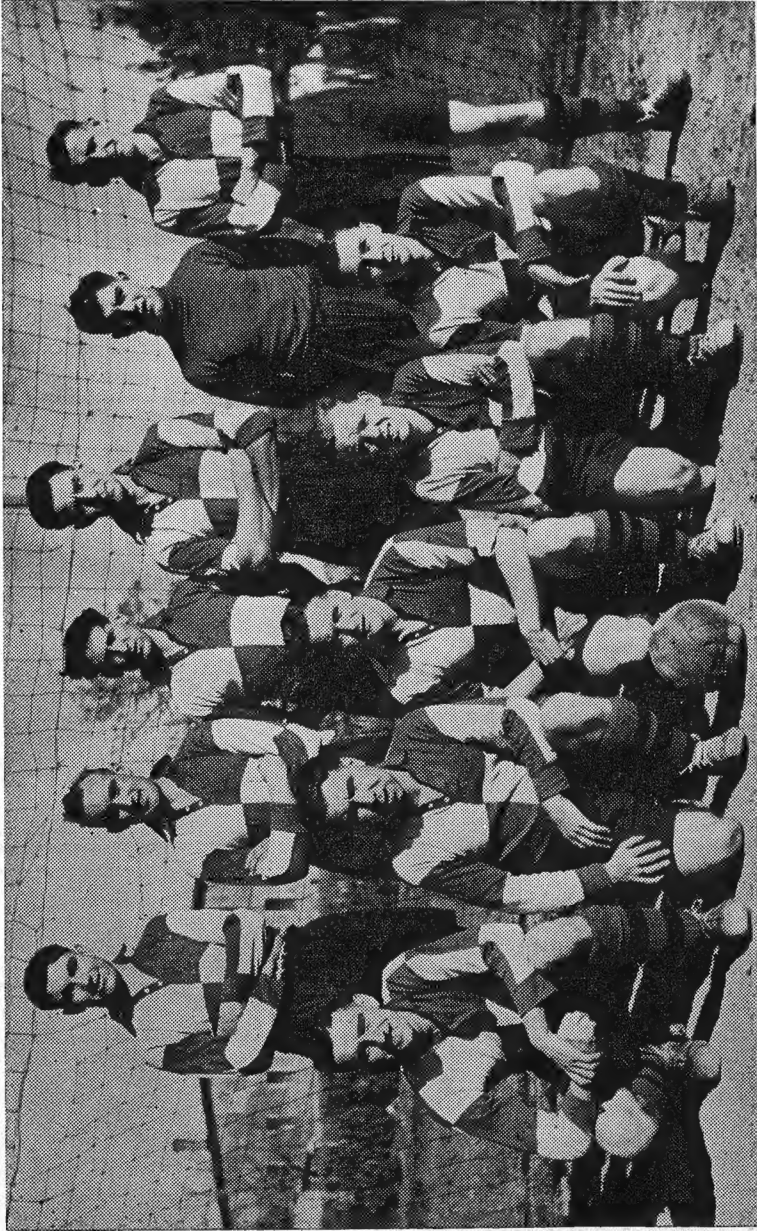
NOTE.—All teams are shown as having played 14 games. Where this was not the case, each game not played has been regarded as a loss to the teams concerned.

"If . . ."

(In War-time England)

If you can keep yourself from going crackers,
At all the things that you're told to do,
When Hitler sends his horrid air attackers
With squibs and bombs to try and frighten you;
If you can hear that hellish banshee warning
Without that sinking feeling in your breast;
If you can sleep in dug-outs till the morning
And never feel you ought to have more rest;
If you can laugh at every black-out stumble
Nor murmur when you cannot find a pub;
If you can eat your rations and not grumble
About the wicked price you pay for grub;
If you can keep depression down to zero
And view it all as just a bit of fun,
Then, Sir, you'll be a bloody hero—
And what is more, you'll be the only one.

STATION SOCCER TEAM



The above team represented the Station against the Royal Canadian Engineers, Dundurn, on Saturday, September 27th, 1941. As reported on another page, we were held to a 2-2 draw. Players, reading from left to right, are:

BACK ROW—LAC. Carlloss, LAC. Robb, LAC. Hughes, LAC. Lafford (Capt.), AC. Giles and LAC. Salthouse.

FRONT ROW—Cpl. Boothroyd, LAC. Jones, LAC. Mercer, LAC. Harker and Cpl. Andrew.

Photo—LAC. Ford

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By MR. A. J. WICKENS, K.C.,

ON WEDNESDAY, 29TH OCTOBER, 1941, AT 7.30 P.M.

1. SUITE No. 3 IN D MAJOR - - - - - Bach
Two fairly lively passages.
(a) Gavotte;
(b) Bouree and Gigue.
L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris—Felix Weingartner.
2. TWO FAMOUS SOPRANO ARIAS:
(a) ACT 3 of AIDA - - - - - Verdi
"O Patria Mia".
Aida, waiting by the Nile for Radames, her Egyptian lover; contemplating suicide should she lose him; turns her thoughts to the blue skies and soft breezes of her native land—Ethiopia.
(b) ACT 2 of LA TOSCA - - - - - Puccini
"Vissi D'Arte".
Tosca and Cavaradossi, her sweetheart, both in Scarpia's power. Tosca faces alternative of death for her lover, or dishonour herself. Reviewing her life she protests that she lived for her art and her love; never harmed a soul; many times secretly aided unfortunates and in simple earnest faith had prayed in holy places. Distraught she sings. DAME EVA TURNER—Soprano. One of the well known Nottingham Turners, and one of the few Anglo-Saxons who have attained fame at Milan under their own names, (vide the Canadian Edward Johnson, who became "Eduardo Giovanni").
3. TWO DELIGHTFUL PIANO SOLOS:
(a) POLONAISE No. 3 in A Major, Op. 40. No. 1 - - - - - Chopin
(b) PRELUDE No. 10 "La Cathédrale Engloutie" (Cathedral engulfed by the sea). - Debussy
As the storm agitates the ocean, you hear the muffled ringing of the Cathedral bells. ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano.
4. HIAWATHA'S WEDDING FEAST - - - - - Coleridge-Taylor
Words from Longfellow's "Hiawatha."
(a) Till the wind became a whirlwind;
(b) Thus the gentle Chibiabos;
(c) And the good Iago.
THE ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY—Dr. Malcolm Sargent. (From a complete recording)
5. SERENADE—AF "DER VAR ENGANG" - - - - - Muller
(Serenade of "Once Upon a Time")
FLYV, FUGL, FLYV - - - - - Hartmann
(Fly, Bird, Fly).
LAURITZ MELCHIOR—Tenor, and the Students' 100th Jubilee Chorus, sung in Danish.
6. SYMPHONY No. 5 IN E MINOR, OP. 5 (The New World) - - - - - Dvorak
The First and Last parts of the Second Movement (LARGO).
This symphony was designed to record Dvorak's impressions of the music of the American Negro. The "LARGO" especially is recognized as having caught the haunting, plaintive melodies of the plantation slave.
The Halle Orchestra—Sir Hamilton Harty.
7. THREE WELL KNOWN EXCERPTS FROM GRAND OPERA.
(a) IL TROVATORE - - - - - Verdi
The Anvil Chorus.
Chorus of La Scala Theatre, Milan; introductory solo—Giuseppina Zinetti—M-Soprano. Gypsies were then the finest workers in metal. In their mountain camp, as the sparks fly from the red hot metal, they sing, punctuating with hammer strokes; while their leader Manrico—actually the son of the tyrant against whom they move tomorrow, kidnapped in infancy—sleeps on the ground nearby.
(b) RIGOLETTO - - - - - Verdi
i. La Donna e Mobile—from Act 3. Introductory solo "E L'amì?" (Do you love him?)
Dino Borgioli—tenor, with Mercedes Capsir—soprano; Riccordero Stracciari—baritone; Ernesto Dominici—basso.
ii. Quartette (I appreciate you rightly) almost immediately following "La Donna e Mobile."
Capsir—soprano; Borgioli—tenor; Stracciari—baritone; Anna Masetti Bassi—contralto.
8. VALSE IN E MAJOR - - - - - Maurice Moszkowski
Eileen Joyce—piano.
9. THE ARROW AND THE SONG . Words by Longfellow. music by M. W. Balfe.
Edgar Coyle—baritone.
10. TWO OLD ENGLISH SONGS:
(a) PASSING BY—Purcell, arr. for Choir by Salisbury, with piano accompaniment.
(b) WHEN EVENING'S TWILIGHT GATHERS ROUND—J. L. Hatton, unaccompanied.
The Salisbury Singers, English Male Group, conducted by Salisbury.
11. NAUTICAL MOMENTS—A Medley of Sea airs, containing:
Lowland Sea; Admiral Fisher's Favourite; Saucy Arethusa; Duke of Gloucester; Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep; Tight Little Island; Bay of Biscay; RULE BRITANNIA.
REGIMENTAL BAND OF HIS MAJESTY'S GRENADIER GUARDS (London). Captain George Miller.
GOD SAVE THE KING



Mobile Canteen

Friday, September 19, saw the opening of a canteen service to the Hangars during the morning break period. The P.S.I. bore the cost of the unit, while the Y.M.C.A. provided the personnel to man it.

The canteen has been successful from the beginning. It provides hot tea, milk and soft drinks, with plenty of cakes, chocolate bars and tobacco. Service to the men has been greatly increased, with less time being spent in lines waiting to be served, as was the case in the canteens under former arrangements.

Much credit for the success goes to the men who, while the unit is in the hangars, co-operate in keeping any waste paper in containers, and empty bottles in crates provided for the purpose.

The Y.M.C.A. is happy to assist in extending the canteen service to the men on the job, thus increasing the war effort and providing added service to them.

Dart Ladder

There has appeared on the walls of the Small Canteen games room a new system for keeping alive the spirit of competition in non-athletic games. You simply place your name at the bottom of a "ladder", and then challenge a man on the rung above. If you win, you then take his place and he drops back to your former position. Naturally, this has created keen competition.

Buttress Auxiliary Field

The Y.M.C.A. recently made a call to this branch of our training school with non-athletic games, magazines and writing materials which were well received by the men on duty there. Further trips with magazines and other comforts are planned for the future.

Motion Pictures in Station Hospital

Men who were sick and confined to Station sick quarters enjoyed a new amenity on Saturday evening, September 27, when the Y.M.C.A. gave a film show. It is intended that this feature shall be run regularly, on Saturday evenings, for the benefit of the patients.

E. W.

Y.M.C.A. FILM SCHEDULE

FROM OCTOBER 15th TO NOVEMBER 14th

Friday, Oct. 17—"SKY GIANTS"—Starring: Richard Dix, Chester Morris. Power-packed story of heroes who blaze the airtrails of the future. Shorts: "Camp Meetin'" and "Berth Quakes".
Sunday, Oct. 19—"TOP HAT"—Starring: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Singing! Comedy! Dancing! Short: "Wife Insurance."
Tuesday, Oct. 21—"SWING HIGH, SWING LOW"—Starring: Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and Dorothy Lamour. Shorts: "Organ Grinder's Swing" and "Popeye Cartoon".
Friday, Oct. 24—"MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF"—Starring: Joe Penner, June Travis. Shorts: "Wrong Romance" and "Singing in the Air".
Sunday, Oct. 26—"FIFTH AVENUE GIRL"—Starring: Ginger Rogers and Walt Connolly. Shorts: "Sky Riders" and "In Love at Forty".
Tuesday, Oct. 28—"CHARLES MCCARTHY, DETECTIVE"—Starring: Edgar Bergen, Charles McCarthy, Charles Butterworth, Dorothy Lamour. Shorts: "Stranger Than Fiction" and "Bala Land".
Friday, Oct. 31—"CAT'S PAW"—Starring: Harold Lloyd and Una Merkel. Short: "Music Lesson".
Sunday, Nov. 2—"FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY"—Starring: Jack Oakie, John Boles, Ida Lupino. Shorts: "Rhythm on the Rampage" and "Who's Looney Now?"
Tuesday, Nov. 4—"GERONIMO"—Starring: Preston Foster, Ellen Drew and Andy Devine. Short: "The Unfinished Symphony".
Friday, Nov. 7—"IN HIS STEPS"—Starring: Eric Linden, Cecilia Parker. Short "Hong Kong".
Sunday, Nov. 9—"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"—Starring: Claudette Colbert, Ben Lyon, Ernest Torrence. Shorts: "Blue Bloods", "Fresh Water Fishing" and "Rassling 'Round".
Tuesday, Nov. 11—"RUGGLES OF RED GAP"—Starring: Chas. Laughton, Mary Boland, Chas. Ruggles, Zazu Pitts. Short: "Queens of Harmony".
Friday, Nov. 14—"THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG"—Starring: Kay Kyser, Adolphe Menjou, May Robson. Short: "Upper Cutlets".